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## HAMBURGH: ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH.



## HAMBURG.

THE recent partial destruction by fire of this most important commercial city of Germany, renders its history interesting at the present moment. Situate on the banks of the Elbe, about 80 miles distant from the sea, it forms the emporium of Saxony, Bohemia, and other fertile and industrious regions watered by the Elbe and its tributaries. It is, at the same time, a grand medium of communication between the northern and middle states of Europe, and a species of depôt for the commodities of each; as well as the most extensive depôt for English goods on the Continent. From London, Hamburg may be reached by steam-boat in 48 hours; and from Hull, by the same means, in about 41 hours.

The city is of great antiquity, having been founded by Charlemagne, as a bulwark against the rude northern tribes, by whom it was repeatedly sacked, particularly by the Vendees in 1002. Its advantageous situation, however, enabled Hamburg always to recover and extend its commerce; till, in the middle of the thirteenth century, it concluded with Lubeck a treaty, which became the basis of the celebrated Hanseatic league. It continued in a state of uninterrupted advance, while other members of the confederacy declined. In 1618, it was declared a free imperial city, and in 1768 was emancipated from every remnant of dependence under Denmark. In 1807, however, a period of deep calamity commenced: it was forcibly occupied by the French troops, and Buonaparte seized on a portion of the public treasure. He caused a still more deadly injury, by the enforcement of the Continental system, by which the mercantile interests of Hamburg were reduced almost to a state of ruin. She suffered also severely in 1813, by a premature attempt to effect her liberation; but, on the downfall of Napoleon, she was restored to all her rights, and has regained her former independence.

Hamburg is, probably, the greatest commercial city on the Continent: she exports the linens of Silesia, the wool of Saxony, grain in abundance, though inferior to that of Poland; wood work, flax, rags, spelter, and some wine. Her warehouses contain also abundance of Baltic goods, which can be obtained at moderate rates. Her imports consist of British manufactures, colonial produce, wines and other liquors, cotton, indigo, and dye-woods. Mr. McCulloch, a few years since, estimated the total value of her exports and imports rather to exceed than to fall short of 14,000,000*l.* sterling; and nearly the whole of this immense commerce was in the hands of Britain. The population, in 1839, exceeded 120,000, of whom several thousands were Jews; and the number of English merchants and their families fluctuates between 1000 and 1500; though the total number of English is also stated to be 2,300.

Like many other cities in the north of Germany, Hamburg partakes of the character of a Dutch town. It is not well built; the streets being narrow and irregular, and the houses constructed of brick or wood. The *Borsenhalle*, or Exchange, is one of the finest buildings; and the principal church is remarkable for the height of its tower, which exceeds by 50 feet that of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. There is, however, no edifice distinguished for its splendour. The hospital, completed in 1823, is most spacious and commodious, being 700 feet in front, and each wing 300 feet long; and it is stated to contain 2500 beds. In some parts, the city is intersected by canals; and these, crossed at intervals by small bridges, and bordered by old gable-ended houses fantastically ornamented, giving the whole the picturesqueness of a town in Holland. The annexed view is from the Mill-bridge,

(*Mühlen-brücke*), over one of the above canals, looking towards the church of St. Nicholas, whose lofty and curiously-shaped tower forms a conspicuous object from many parts of the city. Besides these features, however, Hamburg, in the upper quarter, has every appearance of a large inland capital; while on the banks of the broad Elbe, it displays all the bustle and activity of an important maritime city. In the number and tonnage of the vessels which enter the port, Hamburg is second only to London and Liverpool; and considerably more than one-third of the ships which annually arrive are British.

The municipal constitution of Hamburg consists of a self-elected senate of 28 members, who, however, are checked by popular councils, chosen by all who have 240*l.* of property within the city.

The details of the disastrous calamity which has recently befallen this rich and flourishing city, have scarcely been officially reported. The awful result appears to be, that between two o'clock in the morning of the 5th inst., and the same hour of the afternoon of the 8th, nearly one-fourth of the city was reduced to ashes! The fire originated in a six-storied house, chiefly of timber, at the corner of two of the narrowest streets in the oldest part of the city. The wind was high, and there was little water in the canals, so that the flames could not be checked; with inconceivable rapidity they spread to the whole of the narrow and crowded streets that formed the heart of the city; and the fire was hereabout fed by an immense warehouse full of spirits.

The conflagration soon progressed towards the locality of the Engraving, by the Hopfenmarkt, (the Covent-garden of Hamburg,) where the whole of the houses, which were exceedingly large and handsome, and were used as hotels, were soon destroyed. "Here the flames burst out in various parts, and it became apparent that the destruction of the church of St. Nicholas was inevitable. The most strenuous exertions were made to save this sacred edifice, by the firemen, who in vain perilled their lives, at a height of upwards of 150 feet from the ground, exposed to the fall of burning rafters within the steeple; and to the still greater risk of the tower itself taking fire, as they endeavoured to cut away and destroy some timber, which had become ignited by the sparks which flew in showers from the burning houses. At length, they gave up their useless toil, and ten minutes afterwards, the steeple fell with impetuous violence upon the roof of the church, through which it broke with a loud crash."

In the absence of a plan of the city, it would be useless to repeat the names of the streets destroyed: their number is stated at 48, containing from 1500 to 2000 houses, which lie mouldering on the ground, in fearful but picturesque ruin; besides three churches, and other public buildings. The number of lives lost is set down at from 150 to 200; and the value of property destroyed is estimated at 7,000,000*l.* sterling; but we hope these numbers, made in universal consternation, may hereafter prove to be overrated.\*

Meanwhile, a large sum of money has already been subscribed in London, towards the relief of the many

\* In this dreadful conflagration, the means of staying its progress were strangely deficient: the affrighted townspeople crowded their goods into the streets, through which the fire-engines—not larger, it is stated, than those in the London parishes—could not make their way. These circumstances, conjoined with the high wind, and the want of water, must have rendered the spread of the flames terrific; especially as those houses which were not entirely of wood, were half-timbered, i.e. of brick, or lath and plaster, with large posterns and transverse beams in the exterior, besides an unnecessarily large quantity of wood in the interior.

thousands of persons whose homes and property have been destroyed in this truly calamitous conflagration; the first remittance made to the sufferers was 8,450*l.*; and at the moment we write, nearly three times that amount has been raised for their succour. This prompt munificence is alike indicative of British wealth and benevolence; and the noble example will, we trust, be followed throughout the Continent.

### THE LOVER STUDENT.

With a burning brow and a weary limb  
From the parting glance of day,  
The student sits in his study dim  
Till the east with dawn is gray:  
But what are those musty tomes to him?  
His spirit is far away!  
He seeks in fancy the halls of light,  
Where the lady leads the dance,  
Where the festal bowers are gleaming bright,  
Lit up by her sunny glance;  
And he thinks of her the live-long night—  
She thinking of him—perchance!  
Yet many a gallant knight is by,  
To dwell on each gushing tone,  
To drink the smile of that love-lit eye,  
Which should beam on him alone;  
To woo, with the vow, the glance, and sigh,  
The heart that he claims his own.  
The student bends o'er the snowy page,  
And he grasps his well-worn pen,  
That he may write him a lesson sage  
To read to the sons of men;  
But softer lessons his thoughts engage,  
And he flings it down again!  
In vain his spirit would now recur  
To his little study dim,  
In vain the notes of the vesper stir  
In the cloister cold and grim;  
Through the live-long night he thinks of her—  
Does his lady think of him?  
The student's orisons must arise  
At the vesper's solemn peal,  
So he gazeth up to the tranquil skies,  
Which no angel forms reveal;  
But an earthly seraph's laughing eyes  
'Mid his whispered prayers will steal.  
Then up he looks to the clear, cold moon,  
But no calm to him she brings;  
His troubled spirit is out of tune,  
And loosen'd its countless strings;  
Yet, in the quiet of night's still noon,  
To his lady-love he sings:—  
Thou in thy bower,  
And I in my cell,  
Through each festive hour  
Divided must dwell;  
Yet we are united,  
Though forms are apart,  
For love's vow plighted  
Hath bound us in heart.  
Proud sons of fashion  
Now murmur to thee  
Accents of passion—  
All treason to me:  
Others are gazing  
On that glance divine;  
Others are praising—  
Are their words like mine?  
Heed not the wooer  
With soft vows expressed,  
One heart beats truer—  
Thou know'st in whose breast;

To him thou hast spoken  
Words not lightly told,  
His heart would be broken  
If thine should grow cold!  
The stars faintly glimmer  
And fade into day;  
This taper burns dimmer  
With vanishing ray;  
Oh! never thus fading  
May fortune grow pale,  
With sorrow clouds shading—  
Or plighted faith fail!  
Hush, my wild numbers!  
Dawn breaketh above—  
Soft be thy slumbers,  
Adieu to thee, love!  
Sad vigils keeping,  
I think upon thee,  
And dream of thee, sleeping,  
My own Melanie!

*New York Mirror.*

### THE VILLAGE BUDGET.

BY THE PARISH SCHOOLMASTER.

#### NO. III.—A LEGEND OF THE GLEN.—CHAP. IV.

"To die  
A malefactor's death,—to be the gaze,  
The damned, hideous, and detested gaze  
Of thousands, staring out their hungry eyes  
To glut their wonder, while on tiptoe placed,  
To see the spirit gasping from his throat,  
And chronicle his agony!" *R. Montgomery.*

On the evening of the same day on which the stranger had visited his daughter's grave, the minister and he sat by the fireside in the manse parlour, conversing on the events already related. At length, in reply to some inquiries on the subject, Major Ormond (for so was the stranger called,) gave the following brief history of his daughter's life.

"In an hour like this," said he, as he commenced his recital, "it is painful to revert to happier times;—to recall the days of her prattling childhood, when her heartless innocence won my heart from a poignant sorrow; but I feel it due to your kindness to make the attempt, however painful. With my own history I need not trouble you much: suffice it to say, that from an early age I led a military life. It was my fortune to be attached to the Indian army, and after a pretty long course of service, I returned home and married. After a brief stay in England, I was again obliged to join my regiment, and, accompanied by my youthful wife, I embarked for India; but in a very few years from our landing there, I was doomed to see the being I most loved on earth, fall a victim to its climate. Poor Elise was her only child, and I clung to her for her mother's sake with increased fondness. In a few years, I found it necessary to send her home for education; intending myself, when a few more years had passed away, to retire from the service. Her welfare was now my principal wish, and I longed for the hour when I could retire from the routine of military duty, and enjoy domestic peace with her. At length, the time arrived, and I bade adieu to India; to find my child just springing into womanhood. My residence I fixed in a rustic retreat near D—, where, as years passed away, I enjoyed a more than common share of earthly felicity. Elise was ever my companion, my friend, and nurse; and gratefully did I thank heaven for its kindness in sparing to me such a devoted child. The dream of my life now appeared

realised; and while I rejoiced at the bloom of health suffusing her features, I was not less glad to find that the sweetness of her temper made her the admired of friends and neighbours. We were happy and contented then; but, little do we know on how slight a circumstance our happiness depends. Previous to leaving India, I had by chance discovered some villanies committed by St. Eustace, a junior officer in my own regiment, which a sense of duty constrained me to bring under notice of a court-martial. St. Eustace I knew to be a man of strong and violent temper; one whose best principles were vitiated, and whose whole life had been a scene of disguised profligacy. I knew this, and that he had been sent to India to save his family from the disgrace his conduct entailed. The offence which I had been the means of detecting, suffice it to say, was one which, on being brought before a court-martial could not fail of being most severely punished. And well did St. Eustace know this, and proud though his nature was, he besought me not to reveal his crime. I had no personal feelings of hatred against him, but I could not, and would not be swayed from my duty in revealing his crime. I did so, and clearly was it brought home to him, despite his denial and assertions to the contrary. He was sentenced to be dismissed the service—which accordingly took place. I cannot describe his rage and indignation at this result; but so far did temper get the mastery over him—and so keenly did he feel his disgrace, that he swore to be revenged on me his accuser, and to pursue me with his most deadly hatred.

"You shall rue this to your latest day," were his words at parting, "and may yet live to regret you ever roused my revenge."

"I laughed his threats to scorn, and in the years which have passed since then, would have entirely forgotten the occurrence, had not his resentment reached me in the most cruel way it possibly could."

Here the Major was overcome by his feelings, but after a short pause he resumed:—

"I need scarcely say that Charles St. Eustace was my daughter's husband. How he found out my retreat I know not; nor can I conceive how he obtained Elise's affections without my knowledge. I have since learned that he was lurking about the neighbourhood for a long time; but so complete were his precautions, and so powerful an ascendancy did he gain over her unsuspecting heart, that no opportunity was ever afforded me of even suspecting what was going on. I did observe, however, a short time before her elopement, that something uneasy was brooding on her mind. Its effect was visible in her altered manner and shrinking gaze; and it must indeed have been a severe contest to her before she could bring herself to take that fearful step. Would she had never done it! But the tempter, with his serpent tongue, and words of winning flattery, in which he was but too well skilled, was irresistible. Judge of my amazement and anguish, when, on the morning after the fatal step had been taken, without the least suspicion on my part, and only alarmed at her non-appearance at the breakfast table, I searched her chamber, and found her not! A letter in her own hand-writing, addressed to myself, lay on her dressing-table—it alone could reveal the mystery. I cannot tell what emotions passed through my bosom then; I sank, sad, and sick at heart. At length, recovering from this weakness, I snatched the letter, and tremblingly broke the seal, fearful of what it might contain. But my darkest forebodings proved far short of the reality, and I flung the letter from me in desperation. Its contents implored my forgiveness for the step she took, and concluded with the hope that she might receive my pardon

when she returned to claim it, as the wife of Charles St. Eustace.

"This was more than I expected, and I stood stupefied and amazed. My only daughter to leave me thus, and become the wife of one who had avowed himself my bitter enemy!—the thought was unbearable, and I grew frantic. His words at parting from me in India, seemed ringing in my ear, reminding me that now his bitter threatenings were too fully accomplished. My first impulse was to pursue the fugitives, and rescue my daughter before she was bound indissolubly to her companion; but while in the very act of putting my intentions into execution, I was suddenly seized with illness, and conveyed to bed insensible. When I recovered, it was but to learn the heart-rending tidings of my daughter's murder; and now, after a long and painful relapse, I have been enabled to visit the spot where her dust rests in peace. A few years at most will finish my course—years of sadness and of sorrow I feel they must be; but I should hope that Heaven's vengeance may overtake my daughter's murderer!"

Such was the major's brief history of his daughter's life; and in a few days he left our village to return no more. He died shortly afterwards; and as years glided by, the remembrance of the tragedy of the glen was gradually passing away.

It may have been about ten years after that sad occurrence, when some inhabitants of a small hamlet on the northern coast of Scotland, were awakened from out their first slumber by the sounds of a ship's guns firing signals of distress. A few minutes only elapsed before they were hurrying from out their rude cottages, and stood together by the sea-shore. The wind blew a perfect hurricane; and what with the noise of the storm, and the loud din of the mighty waves, dashing in fury against the rocky beach, they were at a loss to distinguish from what point the sounds proceeded. Again the signal-gun was fired, and a shudder of dread instantly pervaded the hardiest there.

"She is by the black rock," said one; "an' in a sea like this is sure to perish. Heaven hae mercy on her crew, for she is a doomed vessel."

"Ay, there's nae chance for her noo," replied another, in a tone of commiseration; "mopy a nee has foundered there in less stormy nights than this."

The moon, at this instant, shone dimly out from behind some dark clouds which nearly overshadowed the sky, and revealed the unfortunate vessel heaving amidst the breakers, at the very place they had foreboded. So far as they could distinguish, she seemed fast sinking; but in such a sea, no one could venture to render any assistance. Again and again came the mournful signals of distress, and as those on shore hurried on to the point nearest which she lay, they could perceive her crew betake themselves to the life-boat, as their last resource. Scarcely had they done so, before the straining tottering vessel gave way, and, with those who still remained on board, sank to rise no more. For a moment or so, the boat seemed to brave the fury of the storm, and bade fair to reach the shore in safety; but the hope that she would do so proved only momentary, for suddenly a huge wave came onwards, and the frail but crowded bark was overwhelmed by its violence. It was a dreadful moment! and above the noise of the wind and waves, came the fearful expiring cry of drowning wretches!

It would be vain to linger on the painful scene. Out of all that crew, there were but three washed ashore with any signs of life remaining. They were immediately conveyed to the hamlet, and every means taken for restoring them. In the mean time, morning dawned, and new of the disaster spread far and wide; while vague rumours

were abroad, and whispers were told with fearful earnestness, of some scene of horror attendant on the death of one of those shipwrecked sailors. It was too true:—with returning sensibility he found that death was rapidly approaching. The feverish pulse, the burning brow, and the sickening sensation at heart—all told him this. Notwithstanding which, the fierce glare of his restless eye, the writhing of an agonised body, and above all, the muttered madness of despair, told that he did not—could not—meet his death in peace.

With horror the bystanders listened to his death-bed confession, wrung from his heart by torturing anguish. It was the confession of a murder, committed nearly ten years before, in a lonely glen near Killstane, in which the dying man had acted as the accomplice of his master, Charles St. Eustace. The lapse of a few minutes put the wretched man beyond the reach of earthly punishment.

In consequence of the above confession, the two survivors were arrested. The one was immediately discharged, but the other proved to be the long-escaped murderer, St. Eustace himself. It would be vain to relate minutely the particulars of his fate. At the ensuing circuit trials, he was, by his own confession, as well as by that of his lately deceased servant, found guilty of his wife's murder, and condemned to expiate his crime by an ignominious death. With not a gleam of hope held out to him, he passed the period between his sentence and execution in abject wretchedness. His intense anguish, his horror and unavailing remorse, exceed description; while the remembrance of days spent in youthful innocence, before evil thoughts and headstrong passions had gained their ascendancy over him, making him plunge into scenes of vice, which led so smoothly to deeds of crime—stung him to the soul with bitter poignancy and regret. Having run his course of recklessness and crime, the slave of degrading and hateful passions, he was now to die the death, the justly-merited death, of a common malefactor. Yes—he was to die—there was no respite—and in the silence of his cell, the memory of days when he was yet unstained by crime, arose in fearful distinctness; while the visions of his careless boyhood, his home, and his haunts of love and friendship, were ever present with him, to deepen the horror of his situation. At length, the fated morn arrived, and amidst the execrations of a vast multitude, the blood-stained St. Eustace met his merited, yet awful fate.

Before bringing our legend to a close, it remains only to state, that Sandy Moss and Jeanie Cumock were married some years before the murderer's apprehension; and long was it the gossip of the village, that there never had been a merrier party in the venerable Cross Keys, than that which welcomed home the young folks from their marriage jaunt.

#### DEATH OF SIR CHARLES BELL.

WE greatly regret to have to record the death of Sir Charles Bell, which took place suddenly on the morning of the 29th ult., at Hallow Park, near Worcester, the residence of Mrs. Holland, whom the deceased and Lady Bell were visiting on their way to Malvern.

Sir Charles had been subject to pains about the chest of a spasmodic nature, and latterly assuming the characters of angina pectoris. He had been very unwell at Manchester a short time before, and had suffered much from pains in the stomach during his visits at Hallow; but appeared quite as well as usual on the 28th, and had been out for a considerable time during the day. At night the pains again became severe, but no danger was apprehended until eight o'clock on the morning of the 29th, when he became rather suddenly very quiet, and Lady Bell, greatly alarmed, sent for Dr. Carden, of Worcester, who, on his arrival, found him quite dead, with the appearance of life having been for some time extinct.

Sir Charles was sixty-seven years of age, and with the exception of the complaint which proved fatal, retained considerable vigour and activity. He was out sketching on the 28th, being particularly pleased with the village church, and some fine trees which are beside it; observing, that he should like to repose there when he was gone. On Monday last, being just four days after this sentiment had been expressed, his mortal remains were accordingly deposited beside the rustic graves which had attracted his notice, and so recently occupied his pencil.—*Medical Gazette.*

#### FOSSIL MYLODON AND GLYPTODON.

A MEETING was held at the College of Surgeons on the 27th ult., and was very fully attended; we should imagine that not less than seven hundred of the members were present, besides a great crowd of visitors. The chief circumstance of the evening was the lecture by Professor Owen upon the skeletons of the fossil animals, Mylodon and Glyptodon, recently added to the Museum. He commenced by explaining the general principles on which John Hunter and Cuvier had applied the knowledge of comparative anatomy to the interpretation of the relations not only of existing, but of extinct species. Cuvier especially, working as he did, in the most productive field of fossil remains presented in any of Europe, had illustrated this principle, which he termed that of the co-relation of the different organs of the same animal body to the general purposes of its existence. The Professor explained by several examples in which the examination of but a small portion of the skeleton had sufficed for the construction in anticipation of the whole body, and then proceeded to explain the history of the discovery of the megatherium. President Jefferson, by whom the remains were first particularly described, judging by the size and form of the ungual phalanx, had conceived them to belong to some huge species of lion; but Cuvier, to whom some casts of the bones were sent, felt convinced, by the form of the articulation of the phalanx with the next bone, which was not on the superior, but on the anterior inferior part of the latter, that it must have belonged to a species in which the claw was employed for some more general and constant purpose than that of the mere seizing of the prey, for which it serves in the lion. He concluded, therefore, that it belonged to some species related to the sloths. This conclusion was, at length, confirmed in the drawings which Cuvier received of a nearly complete skeleton of the animal preserved in the museum at Madrid: but still it was doubted whether the whole of that skeleton was formed of the bones of one animal, or whether the seemingly disproportionate head and pelvis were not derived from two distinct species. This doubt, however, was completely removed by the discovery of a certainly perfect skeleton of the new sub-genus of megatheroid animals, the Mylodon, of which he then demonstrated the most striking characters; pointing it out as an animal whose habit it must have been to feed on the leaves and soft parts of trees, by raising itself on its great hinder extremities, and pulling down the branches of trees with its strong fore-arm and its tongue. The latter organ might be believed to be at least four times as large as that of the giraffe, judging by the size of the apertures for the lingual and hypoglossal nerves. There was also a peculiar character in the arrangement of the phalanges of the anterior extremity; the internal being furnished with claws, while the two outer were of such a form as to render it certain that the animal must in progression have rested on their exterior surface; so as to combine in its one foot the ungulate and ungulate characters upon which Linnæus had based his division of the two chief classes of Mammalia. The Glyptodon had, in relation to the megatherium, the great interest of proving to what animal the large portions of osseous carapace which had so often been found near the remains of the megatherium, belonged. They had been supposed, even by Cuvier, to belong to the megatherium itself; and he supposed it, in this respect, to resemble the armadillos. But portions of a foot, and of a lower jaw, brought from South America by Mr. Darwin, had rendered it certain that some gigantic species of the armadillo tribe existed in the neighbourhood of the megatheria; and this had

at length been proved by the discovery of the Glyptodon, of which the College had purchased the carapace; the bones of the greater part of the skeleton having been so injured in the exhumation that they could not be transferred to this country. The Professor concluded by offering some striking observations on the characters of the fossils found in England, and on the peculiarities of the soil and climate which they proved to have been natural to this country in the periods previous to the existence of man.

After the lecture, the company adjourned to the Council Room, where tea and coffee were provided, and to the Museum, which was brilliantly lighted for the occasion.\*—*Medical Gazette.*

### FIRST VISIT TO VENICE.

How strange, yet how beautiful, was the first view of Venice! It seemed, in the distance, like a floating city; its domes, spires, cupolas, and towers, glittered in the sunbeams, and looked so glorious, that I could have fancied it one of those optical illusions presented by a mirage. As we entered the grand canal, the reality of the scene became impressed on my mind; and the grandeur of the houses, with the rich and solid architectural decorations lavished on them, formed so striking and melancholy a contrast to the ruin into which they are so fast falling, that the scene awakened feelings of deep sadness in my breast. The palaces looked as if the touch of some envious wizard had caused them to decay, long ere time, the destroyer, would have scathed them; and this premature ruin has in it something much more wonderful than that gradually effected by the lapse of years. Windows, whose architraves are supported by caryatides of exquisite sculpture, are blocked up in the rudest manner; and out of them protrude the iron pipes of German stoves, sending forth their murky vapours to the blue and cloudless sky, whose purity they profane. Over balustrades of marble, where once beauty loved to lean, float the unseemly nether garments, suspended to be dried, of the Teutonic inhabitants, who now fill those sculptured dwellings with the mingled odours of cigars and garlic; and mutter the guttural sounds of their language, where once the dulcet tones of the softest of all the Italian dialects were wont to be heard. The canal, too, over which our boat glided, bore evidence of the fallen state of the once proud Venice; for a green opaque slimy substance half choked its waters, sending out a most unsavoury smell, as the oars disturbed its unhealthy deposits. Alas! like anticipated happiness, which looks so bright in the distance, and loses its charms when approached, Venice, when entered, disappoints, and inspires only gloomy reflections, its very beauty rendering its decay more painful to be witnessed. The gondolas, with their funereal trappings, dashing by us over the opaque water, looked as if freighted with the dead owners of the half-dismantled palaces we passed, so lugubrious are their appearance; yet this very sombreness is in harmony with all around, for aught of gay or brilliant would offer too violent a contrast to the scene. The very brightness of the azure sky above this fast decaying, yet still magnificent city, renders its aspect more touching; and one feels disposed to turn from it with much of the same emotion with which we would shut out the garish sun, when its beams fall on the coffin of one beloved while it is journeying to the grave.

The silence of Venice constitutes, in my opinion, one of

\* We presume that it was the announcement of this meeting which led to the idea, (which proves to be erroneous,) that conversazioni were to be given in Lincoln's Inn Fields like those formerly held at Pall Mall.

its greatest charms. This absence of noise is peculiarly soothing to the mind, and disposes it to contemplation. I looked out from my balcony last night, when the grand canal reflected a thousand brilliant stars on its water, turbid though it be; and the lights gleaming from the windows on each side showed like golden columns on its bosom. Gondola after gondola glided along, from some of which soft music stole on the ear, and sometimes their open windows revealed some youthful couple with their guitars, or some more matured ones, partaking their light repast of fruit and cakes; while not unfrequently a solitary male figure was seen reclined on the seat, absorbed in the perusal of some book. The scene realised some of the descriptions of Venice read years ago; and except that the gondolas were small in number, and the lights from the houses few and far between, I could have fancied that no change had occurred since the descriptions I referred to were written. The morning light reveals the melancholy alteration; and as I stood on the same balcony to-day, and saw the muddy canal with a few straggling gondolas gliding over it, the defaced and mutilated palaces, and the reduced population, all brought out into distinctness by the bright beams of the sun, I could hardly believe it was the same scene that looked so well last night. Moonlight is a great beautifier, and especially all that has been touched by the finger of decay, from a palace to—a woman. It softens what is harsh, renders fairer what is fair, and disposes the mind to a tender melancholy in harmony with all around. Q.

### PHOEBE.

THE stars had faded: pearly-grey  
The orient showed; the west was dark;  
Through the dull shadows sailed away  
The young moon like a golden bark;  
On dewy wings up flew the lark,  
With a bold challenge to the day;  
And in the distance you might hark  
The belling deer and herd-dog's bay,  
Shrilly the cooped fowl were crying;  
Often the early cock had crown,  
Chiding the drowsy earth still lying,  
Wet with the dew which night had thrown.  
Soon to the west the morning flew,  
As the sun uprose in red and gold,  
Deep'ning heaven's arch of argent blue,  
Breaking through many a cloudy fold,  
In waves of light o'er wood and wold,  
Town, village, citadel, and mound;  
O'er gloomy valleys, mountains old,  
And verdurous sweeps of meadow-ground,  
To a cottage in a glen low lying,  
Scarce through the blossomed witch-elms shown,  
Where plaintively a voice was sighing,  
A maiden's voice of low, sweet tone.  
Phoebe had wakened with a start,  
Early at morn; within her brain  
Dull dreams had wandered; and her heart  
Pressed with a sense of growing pain,  
Scarcely the window could she gain.  
The casement ope she feebly swung,  
Chilling her hands with dewy rain  
Down from the bunchy woodbines flung;  
The keen winds in her chamber flying,  
Back from her pallid cheeks were blown,  
Her long dark tresses—"Dying, dying,"  
Often she murmured with sob and moan.  
The nearest house was a mile away,  
Through the dense woodland, on a moor,  
Low in the glen the cottage lay;  
Few travellers ever passed the door;

Poor Phœbe! on the boarded floor  
Her large tears broke; how pale and lorn  
Her face that thrilled, as evermore,  
She looked out on the brightening morn,  
Ever and ever deeply sighing,  
Now with a sob, now with a moan,  
"O God! I am dying, dying,  
I am dying, and all alone!"

She look'd out—through the one-arch'd bridge  
The white brook flash'd; against the sky  
The woods were dark on every ridge  
About the valley; and close by  
The hedge of hawthorn on her eye  
Rear'd its sweet plumes of virgin white;  
Poor Phœbe thought it hard to die,  
Whilst the blossom of her youth was bright.  
Hope's golden realms around her lying,  
And life but sunny hours had shown;  
"Ah me!" she whisper'd, "I am dying!  
None to help me—alone, alone!"

She heard the lapwing from the fen  
Wailing aloud; the wilding bee  
Humm'd by her suddenly; and then  
The sparrow chirp'd i' the lilac tree,  
And with wet eyes could dimly see  
The white moths settling on the leaves  
Of the garden-plants; and swallows flee  
Under and out of the thatched eaves,  
With a sound of joy, whilst she was dying,  
Like a fair blossom newly blown,  
Which Time in the fields of life desecring,  
Into Death's sullen stream hath thrown.

Feeble and wan in her chair she sat,  
And listen'd vainly for human sound;  
The cricket chirp'd in the fireless grate,  
The humming fly flew round and round,  
Rustled the leaves that thickly wound  
The casement flapping in the breeze;  
Her linnæ peck'd at its wiry bound;  
The kitten, purring, climb'd her knees:  
But she knew it not—her sense was flying—  
Lower and slower her plaint had grown;  
A sigh, a murmur, "dying, dying,"  
And the winged dream of life had flown.

At close of day, when came the moon,  
They found her dead on the fallen chair—  
The sharp gusts of the afternoon  
Had blown the rain into her hair,  
Loosely dropp'd o'er her forehead fair,  
Darkening the cold down-lidded eyes;  
Clasp'd were her white hands—"sure a prayer  
Took her bright soul into the skies."  
Many a face was swoln with crying,  
All the night long were sob and moan;  
Poor Phœbe! alas! for thine early dying—  
Dead! how strangely! and all alone!

J. G.

### ANDREW HOFER AND HIS TIME.

BY L. HARPER, LL.D.

HISTORY, perhaps, does not represent to us a man whose noble patriotism, invincible courage, incorruptible integrity and virtue, entitle him to rank higher than the single-minded Tyrolian merchant and innkeeper, Andrew Hofer.

But, before we enter upon our subject, it may be necessary, as well as highly interesting, to glance at the history of his time, and even to have reference to events antecedent.

The beheading of the unfortunate Louis XVI. of France,

a son-in-law of the late empress of Austria, Maria Theresa; the reinforcement of the French armies by Carnot's "*Tactique révolutionnaire*," and Robespierre's "*Levée en masse*," the furious inspiration of the red-capped *Jacobins*, and the shameless *Sans culottes*, trumpeting liberty and equality to the heavens, and rousing the European citizens, who had been lulled into a deep slumber by errors and superstition, out of their lethargic rest, caused at last Austria and Prussia to draw their swords, already rusted in the scabbards. They sent their armies to the borders of the Rhine. But what is able to resist patriotism and enthusiasm, which makes men of children and heroes of men? Many regiments, with unfolded standards glittering in the beams of the sun, went boasting over the Rhine, and returned miserable fugitives. The whole country bordering on the left side of the Rhine was soon lost to Germany. Now misfortune separated what hope of success had united. Prussia, crying, "*Save who may!*" left Austria to its own destruction, and concluded with France the peace of Basil, (in 1796,) and all the swarms of *Jacobins* and *Sansculottes*, with Moreau and Jourdan at their head, turned against Austria. Archduke Charles, with his braves, now more accustomed to the bloody profession of war, resisted heroically, and drove back the French out of Germany. But nothing could resist the young eagle, Napoleon, who, rushing down from the snowy Alps of Switzerland into the blooming plain of Italy, to try his wings for the first time, defeated with rapid quickness the most experienced generals of Francis II., conquered Piedmont, Milan, Upper Italy, and crowned his victories by taking Mantua, (February 2, 1797.) The peace of Campo Formio (October 17, 1797,) ended the first war of Austria against the revolution. Francis II. lost Belgium, the whole of Lombardy, and the Briesgau, and was obliged to acknowledge the republic Cisalpinia.

The vanquished country could not suppress its sorrows for this great loss, which opened the heart of the Austrian states to every combat; and, in alliance with Russia and England, commenced (in 1799) the second war with France.

Young Buonaparte was now in Egypt, and could not command the French armies in Europe. His fortune was with him, and the south of Germany soon rescued from the grasp of the new republic. Together with the Russians, commanded by the famous Suwarow, the Austrians reconquered Upper Italy, Turin, and even Mantua (July 27, 1799). The most promising hopes shone already on the horizon of Austria, when at once General Buonaparte appeared again, as first consul of the French republic, at the head of its armies, just as if fallen from the clouds; and his famous victory at Marengo, (June 14, 1800); this master-piece of tactics robbed Austria, at one blow, of all its laboriously earned laurels, and changed its bright hopes into gloomy fears.

Moreau, at the same time, pressed forward in the south of Germany, and even occupied Salzburg, (December 15, 1800). The peace of Luneville, so unhappy for Austria, ended this second war (February 9, 1801), and confined it within narrow boundaries. It lost one of its oldest and best provinces, Tyrol, very valuable for the emperor Francis, on account of its love and adherence to the house of Hapsburg.

Buonaparte, being now at the zenith of his fortune, and having haughtily assumed the title and crown of emperor of France, did not season his elevation with that prudence and moderation which keeps off from the fortunate the envy and hatred of his contemporaries. He was arrogant, and played with crowns and countries as a child does with his toys. Spurred on by Great Britain, Austria, in alliance with Russia, appeared a third time

upon the field of battle;—it would not bear the humour of that haughty "*parvenu*," who was making laws to born kings and emperors.

Quick as lightning the new emperor, Napoleon I., stood in the middle of Germany, and having gained several battles, at Donauwoerth, Wertingen, Gunzburg, taking Ulm and its garrison, (23,800 men,) he made his entrance into the capital of Austria, in Vienna, (November 13, 1805). Emperor Francis II. was humbled to the utmost. He agreed with the emperor Alexander of Russia for one principal battle, and on the 2nd of November, 1805, the battle of Austerlitz was fought.

The loss of the French was immense, more than 20,000 of them were left on the battle-field. The loss of the allies was not so important, but they retired awkwardly, and Napoleon enjoyed the credit of a victory, (which was, in fact, undecided, and which only a vain ambition would have claimed,) and put his name on the triumphal arches. The peace of Presburgh, (December 26, 1805,) ended this war. Napoleon dictated the conditions of it in the capital of Austria; and the loss of this country in that short war of only 65 days was enormous. The whole country of Tyrol came on Bavaria, notwithstanding the grumbling of its faithful inhabitants. So were things when the year 1809 broke forth. Austria was always unwilling to yield to the command of the haughty Napoleon, and again he threatened, and with his allies prepared for war. Francis II., weakened, but not discouraged, issued a proclamation to the German nation to rise in mass, and to shake off the ignominious yoke of the bold and arrogant foreigner, who trampled down their rights and institutions. Very urgent appeals were made to the Tyrolians.

On the mountains, where the pure ether of heaven streams freely down, where a refreshing coolness strengthens the nerves and cheers the spirits, dwells a lively feeling for liberty. To the mountaineers, whom agriculture does not fetter on small pieces of land, nor mercantile pursuits in offices and stores,—who with their arms ramble over the airy summits of their mountains, through woody valleys and awful cliffs, to waylay the game,—who do not fear dangers and even death, being intimate with them, the limitation of their liberty is more sensible, and the chains of servitude insupportable.

The Tyrolians alone obeyed the summons of their beloved former prince, and rose in mass, the patriotic and courageous Andrew Hofer at their head.

Andrew Hofer, the martyr to the liberty of his country, this pattern of the fidelity of his fellow-citizens, who will always be mentioned in history with high esteem, was born the 22nd of November, 1767, near St. Leonhard, in a valley called the Fasseyr. His education had, perhaps, been a little better than that of his countrymen; nevertheless, he took from his father, Josephus Hofer, his hotel on the Sandt; and, besides the profession of an innkeeper, he also traded in wine and horses. Having large business with the Italians, he spoke their language fluently, although in the bad Venetian dialect, and he could read and write it. The confidence of his countrymen made him a representative of Tyrol upon the meeting of 1790, where the speakers of the Fasseyr played an important part. When afterwards, in consequence of the different wars against the French revolution, the victorious enemy approached the frontiers of his country, Andrew Hofer marched several times with the people of the Fasseyr to the Garder lake, and led a company of riflemen, but without great distinction. The acknowledged honesty of our hero, his patriotism and love of the old constitution and dynasty of his country, had drawn upon him the inclination and esteem of the

whole district of the Etch, and made it to him now, at the beginning of the great drama of the Tyrolian insurrection, easy to appropriate to himself that part he performed in its course.

At the end of the month of January, 1809, secretly deputed persons of different Tivolian communities, and Andrew Hofer among them, went to Vienna, in order to explore the disposition of the imperial court, to express the bitter complaints of the country, and its intention of regaining the beloved emperor with goods and blood, and with him the old ruined and insulted constitution; to ask for swift and powerful support of soldiers, money, ammunition, and provisions; but, before all, to hasten the breaking out of an insurrection.

Ordered by the Archduke John, who was already appointed chief general of the army of the interior of Austria destined for Tyrol and Italy, Baron de Harmayr\* projected a formal plan for the deliverance of Tyrol. All succeeded perfectly well. At a fixed day and hour, the courageous Tyrolians, led by Andrew Hofer, rushed down from their mountains, attacked the French and Bavarian troops on all sides, and fought as lions for their country and liberty. Forty-eight hours after the first report of the guns, there was not an enemy within the frontier of Tyrol, and 8,000 French soldiers, thought invincible till then, with their generals, eagles, standards, were partly disarmed, partly prisoners, upon the discretion of the conquerors.

In the night of the 10th of April, Hofer met at Sterzing a light Bavarian battalion, Baerenklau. His people, defended with carriages loaded with hay, and armed only with forks, flails, and lances, rushed upon the enemy, notwithstanding the hail of small and large balls, and forced him to lay down his arms.

(To be concluded in our next.)

### THE OLD CHURCH.

A TRAIN passed through the old church door,  
And stood within its nave;  
The morning sun upon the floor,  
Its light through shadows gave.  
A mother brought her babe, new-born,  
For the holy man to bless;  
To give it, in its young, fresh morn,  
God's hallowed, high impress.  
The babe looked up in the good priest's face,  
And smiled as it took the sign of grace.  
The train passed out through the arch of stone,  
And the old gray church was left alone.  
The mid-day sun beams on a crowd  
That throngs this holy spot,  
With merry shouts and laughter loud—  
Their cares are all forgot!  
A trusting maid and loving youth  
Kneel at that good man's feet;  
And, after him, their vows of truth,  
Of faith, of love, repeat.  
The lovers look in each other's eyes—  
Will they live a life of smiles or sighs?  
The crowd passed out through the arch of stone,  
And the old gray church was left alone.

\* Josephus, Baron of Harmayr, born in 1781, at Inspruck, in Tyrol, was one of the most distinguished historians of modern times. He was employed in Austria in 1801, but left his office in 1809, when his country was in danger, and performed services in the Tyrolian militia. He led the insurrection in Tyrol and Voralbergy, went at the head of the extraordinary armament and administration of the country till the armistice of Insaim, when he retired and gave his after days to the study of history.

At eve, within that old church door,  
 A silent group appear;  
 The sun is set, their mirth is o'er—  
 Laughter is quenched in tears!  
 The coffin, and the gloomy pall,  
 And breaking hearts are there;  
 The holy man, at sorrow's call,  
 Breathes out the mourner's prayer.  
 How full is his heart! yet every day  
 He sees life bloom, and sees it decay!  
 The group passed out through the arch of stone,  
 And the old gray church was left alone.      EDGAR.

### New Books.

THE ENVIRONS OF LONDON. BY JOHN FISHER MURRAY.

UNCONVENTIONAL as it may be to start with a sweeping censure, we must confess, *in limine*, our utter disappointment in the perusal of this new "Environs of London." The title, borrowed from the Rev. Mr. Lysons's work, by reminding us of his almost infallible accuracy, and the imprint of the Blackwoods, from leading us to expect sound literature—may be thought to have operated on our minds to the prejudice of Mr. John Fisher Murray's jejune performance; but his sins of omission and commission, his flippancy and conceits, his contempt for our language, (we will not say his own,) are such as to call for unsparing chastisement, which they undoubtedly would receive, were the critics of the day to do their duty without favour or affection. With heartfelt sorrow are we constrained to pen these apparently severe strictures; but we assure the reader they are not a whit more rigid than the glaring faults of the writer merit. Who Mr. John Fisher Murray may be, we know not; but, his entire ignorance of the locality he has pretended to describe, would convince us that he is an utter stranger to "the Environs of London," did not his many illiterate attempts at fine writing lead us to suspect his Scottish origin. Why, his Scotticisms are stamped upon every page, and they disfigure nearly every digression, which, to say the truth, is by far the most readable portion of the work. Of his Prospectus we spoke in favourable anticipation; but how cruelly has promise been nipped in the bud; no easterly wind of late having so unsparingly cut off the flowers of the season, as Mr. Murray's first Number has defeated our fondest hopes of a really sound and entertaining production. We are at a loss to describe our mortification at so much fine paper, printing, and engraving, (though of the latter more anon,) being *thrown away* in perpetuating such frivolous writing as forms the staple of the work before us: *perpetuating*, did we say?—why, every appearance in print is an approach to perpetuity; but the immortality of the *Environs of London* will last about the passage by steam from Hungerford to Chelsea, and then the book may be thrown aside, or over. Every one who is aware of our fondness for *topography* will see the sincerity of our vexation at this "Excursion to Richmond by the River Thames:" how many hours, days, and weeks, of pure, unmixed delight, have we passed in our love of the country—the Arcadia of our boyhood, the hope of our early years, and the pleasurable reflection of our later ones. Here then was a golden opportunity of adding to our store of enjoyment at heart, if not of actual information respecting the Vale of the Thames; every rood of which has been, as was said of one of its glorious eminences—

"By god-like poets venerable made."

Alas! we say it more in sorrow than in anger, that never was our disappointment more bitter than at the failure of

the *Environs of London* in keeping its author's word of promise; and now, to the proof.

The prime object of a Prospectus is to show the necessity for the work it announces for publication; and this Mr. Murray attempts to prove by a sneer at "ponderous quartos," "in which boundaries of parishes are carefully determined, successions of estates from one generation to another faithfully recorded, with catalogues of churchwardens in uninterrupted succession:" here Mr. Lysons's carefully-compiled volumes are evidently pointed at. We are then told that "no attempt has hitherto been made, generally, to popularize the Environs of London, to invite the tourist to explore the natural beauty that lies every where around him, to guide him to spots historically or classically associated, or to enable him to do more than merely visit, to become intimate with scenes emphatically his own." This is quite in the begging-the-question manner of a Prospectus; but, did Mr. John Fisher Murray ever chance to see such a work as the *Ambulator*, twelfth edition, published in 1820, and we may add, revised by the pains-taking Mr. Edward Wedlake Brayley, F.S.A. With this well-filled and accurate volume before him, he could never have hazarded so sweeping an assertion as the above; and, as the *Ambulator* is out of print, or nearly so, and is the property of several booksellers—a "share book," technically speaking—let us hope that Mr. Murray's incomplete work will induce them to reprint their valuable volume; for they may rest assured, that the boldness of Mr. Murray's assertion, followed by his feeble performance, will operate rather to the advantage than the prejudice of any new description of the environs of the metropolis.

We are content to take Mr. Murray's own promise, and see how he has executed it. His words are—"Every exertion will be made to render 'the Environs of London' historically, topographically, and descriptively interesting, and to bestow upon the work the pains and labour which alone can render it permanently valuable as a library book." This is high ground to take; for assuredly, no county history, the labour of years, was ever ushered in with greater pretensions than this butterfly of a book, which may probably have been written upon some fine sunny morning, and during some foggy steam-boat excursion to Richmond, when the objects on the banks of the Thames could only be partially seen. A far better guide to Mr. Fisher's resting-place will be found in Sir Richard Phillips's *Morning's Walk from London to Kew*, a book written with a very different object, and modestly designated "a Morning's Walk," and such it really was; for Sir Richard stigmatized antiquarian pursuits as puerilities, and his vigorous mind grasped far beyond the petty details of topography: still, his work is an infinitely better guide to Kew than that of the new candidate before us. Sir Richard's veneration of Pope led him to tell us, that in "Pope's parlour," in Bolingbroke House, was written the *Essay on Man*, on which Mr. Fisher is silent. There were no Thames steamers when Phillips took his "Walk," and what have we gained, in this respect, by the unpicturesque boats—the unpoetical *Diana*, or the ugly *Venus*?—who seem to have seduced Mr. Murray from the banks into the mid-stream, and there, in toying and coquetry, he appears to have forgotten half the associations of the banks. Poor Sir Richard! would that he were here, to smile at our humble eulogy of him as a topographer, though he may be spared the vexatious occasion of it.

But, to return to Mr. Murray's book. At the outset, he is poetic enough, perhaps, more so than sensible, when he tells his reader, "there appears somewhat of assumption in a topographer teaching his readers to think;" and then he overdoses them with three pages of reflection, in which we

find these oddities of expression:—"his task is to inform them (his readers) of their near approach to places enriched with classical associations—the recollections called up by those associations arise spontaneously in the mind, and form the highest enjoyment of those qualified by mental constitution to indulge them." Again: "they who are incurious of reflection, are yet curious of inquiry:" but, there is no end of such impotent efforts to be smart, such lame attempts to *run alone*. Still, we must reply to Mr. Murray's assertion, that if he write for those who desire "abundance of facts," "he must needs be hard, arithmetical, dry, and dull;" for there is no necessity of the kind; provided always the writer possess the requisites of manner as well as matter. This may be a very easy method of getting rid of "facts," and throwing them overboard—(Mr. Murray will excuse the river phrase)—but the *sequitur* he labours to enforce is a kind of retrograde progression. Again: "what we lose in time and money, we will be more than repaid," &c. We are far better pleased with the following passage, though it be somewhat overtinged with pretty conceits; such as drew many a biting wind from the North, a few years since:

"On such a soft, sunny, balmy morning as this, the eye and the mind are athirst for the green fields: desire of the country asserts its supremacy like an instinct, and we cannot, do what we will, expel it from our thoughts: we are restless, unsatisfied, and melancholy, like men in love, and so we are—in love with Nature; and it is the memory of her sweet face, and the pleasures we have erewhile enjoyed in her society, that now haunt us like a vision of delight; we cannot get on with our work within-doors; and without, how tantalising the clear blue sky, transfixed by thousand staring chimney-pots, and the balmy breeze wafting along city odours and city dust; the sunbeams gilding puddles that the watering-carts have left, mock our town imprisonment with their glancing: we feel as prisoners in a dungeon, when noontide lets a downward ray of sunlight into their miserable cell: we are mewed up, and while flowers are springing from the grassy turf, the birds singing on every spray, and the little flies swarming in the sunny beam, we are here impounded between double files of ugly brick houses, hard flags under our feet, a Babel of discordant sounds around us, and nothing of quiet, beautiful nature visible but the narrow strip of heaven's azure overhead. All this we must know, and feel, and suffer; for the cares and necessities of the world are too many for us, and though Nature invite us as she will, still we are slaves of the lamp and of the town: let it go—resume our pen. Hardly have we lifted it, when a sparrow on the overhanging spout exults in song, as 'twere a very nightingale:—provoking little wretch! 'tis too much; we can stand it no longer. Seizing our hat, stick, and sandwich-box, we rush distractedly to *Hungerford or Queenhithe, and without a moment's consideration, enter for the day on board a Richmond steamer!*"

Here, the desire for the country is pleasingly and faithfully told, but the best means for its gratification are not laid down; for a smoky steamer, redolent of cigars, bottled porter, biscuits and cheese, are not the atmosphere for a lover of Nature: her devotee must foot it, and leave the over-freighted steamer to the Titmouses of the metropolis.

Wordsworth's majestic sonnet, we always considered to have been written upon a bridge lower down the river than Westminster: be this as it may, Mr. Murray cannot look towards "Westminster and its bridge," and see the city, and—

"Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples."

Mr. Murray is too parenthetical to last out his journey. It was once observed, that parentheses intoxicate a reader, and are like a nest of pill-boxes; here is a specimen:—"Within the prison-room, which is boarded over, resembling much the cabin of a ship, being about 13 by 12, and about 8 feet high, are 8 rings, to which the chains of the unhappy prisoners, whose only crime was the fidelity with

which they clung to their belief, were attached." The portraits of the archbishops are not in the guard-chamber, as Mr. Murray states, but in the dining-hall. Next, we learn that the celebrated fig-trees, planted by Cardinal Pole, "no longer exist, unless we consider the small shoots growing between the buttresses of the Great Hall to appertain thereto"—to the wall, or tree? The chapel, one of the most beautiful portions of Lambeth Palace, is overlooked. Queen Elizabeth is mentioned as "several times an honoured guest at Lambeth Palace:" surely, the archbishop was, in this case, the *honoured party*. Here is another loosely-constructed sentence: "He (Cook) was buried by his wife, who survived him but a few months, his daughter dying in Lambeth workhouse the year after."

To what class does the phrase "Sunday citizens" point? and why are Battersea Fields to be robbed of their notoriety, by being described as "a level plain of considerable extent, where duels were frequently fought." Mr. Murray, you promised not to be "hard, arithmetical, dry, and dull," but you *are* so, in telling us that at Chelsea Hospital "is a bronze statue of Charles II. in a Roman habit. The apartments for the pensioners are on the east and west sides, in buildings each 365 feet in length. The governor's house, a plain structure, is at the extremity of the former." Some of the author's ellipses are absurdities: as, "the eccentric Dr. Monsey was for a considerable time physician to the hospital; and Philip Francis, translator of Horace and Demosthenes, *one of the chaplains*." Again, of Sir Thomas More: "Holbein was patronised by him, residing in his house for three years, where he executed many of his works." We recommend the use of the colon and semicolon to Mr. Murray: he will find them excellent aids to his confused description.\* We must here protest against the illustration of Chelsea church, at page 16; it not having a single point in *drawing*. More's epitaph, upwards of a page, should certainly have been in more economical type. A Chelsea collegian is described as "an antiquated beau of the olden time."

We fear the reader will be tired with our fault-finding; but, let him scan the following, and say whether more care ought not to be exercised in a work intended to be "permanently valuable as a library book:—"Pursuing his studies with diligence at Paris and Montpellier, where he (Sir Hans Sloane) took medical degrees, he returned to London, and engaged in the active duties of his profession:" now, might it not be inferred that Sloane returned to London *whilst* pursuing his studies at Paris, or rather before he had finished them? Again, Sir Hans is said to have collected plants in Jamaica, "serving as the foundation of a splendid work soon after published." "He attended Queen Anne in her last illness, and was created a baronet by George I., *being* the first medical man upon whom that honour had been conferred." Here is a succession of slovenliness: "Boyer, author of the Dictionary of the French Language bearing his name, and translator of Racine. Boyer was a native of France, *leaving* his country through religious persecution, and became tutor of Mrs. Bathurst's son, the future Lord Bathurst." Ranelagh can scarcely be said to have presented "an entertainment of a kind till then unattempted in this country:" it was, surely, twin to Vauxhall; and it is a piece of gratuitous information to be told that the Ranelagh company walked "round and round the circle, conversing and animadverting upon the appearance of each other;" and instead of saying no trace of the former splendour of Ranelagh remains, Mr. Murray should have explained not a trace whatever of its buildings remains. Among the

\* Particularly in the long-winded sentence of eight lines at page 18.

"memorials and things of note" at Chelsea, we find mentioned neither the *buns* nor the *china*; though by the latter the place is most extensively known. The hospital, too, is but ill described; and there is not a syllable as to the age of Chelsea church, one of the oldest churches in the environs. Battersea church, on the other bank, is pointed out as "a clumsy, but commodious structure, rebuilt about 20 years ago." The following estimate of Lord Bolingbroke is a redeeming gem:—

"Unfortunately for him, all that he gained by his talents, or we might say genius, he lost by fixed principles of action. Alternately rejected by the advisers of King George I. and of the Pretender, his support seemed dangerous to all parties, and all parties concluded him an unsafe man to meddle with; nor is there, perhaps, a more lamentable position in which a man of high intellect and spirit can find himself, than when thus neglected, not because of his want of talent, but because of possessing too much."

No tourist seems to care about the birth-place of Gibbon, at Putney: Mr. Murray, like Mr. Mackay, is content with saying "the great historian" was born *there*. Pitt, on the contrary, has four pages and a half of memoir, neat, but misplaced here. Fulham manor-house is "of the modern domestic class of mansions, occupying a low site," applying to such mansions generally, rather than to that at Fulham in particular. Then, we read of the neighbourhood being "highly botanical:" next, of Richardson, the novelist, it is observed, "had he written less, he had written more,"—the *se plus ultra* of commonplace. In Fulham church-yard, we are told, is buried "Sir Arthur Aston, governor of Drogheda, when that place was taken by Cromwell, who, with the garrisoned inhabitants, was butchered by that fanatic, with his accustomed ferocity." There can be no distinction in the use of the relative pronouns here, so that Cromwell appears to have been butchered, &c. Brandenburg House and all its occupants, except the last, are mentioned; for, not a word is there about Queen Caroline, through whose ill-starred occupancy the house was taken down.

Chiswick is said to be "*intimately connected* with Turnham Green:"—interesting relationship!—why should Hammersmith be left out of the family? To a notice of the deaths of Fox and Canning, at Chiswick, is appended, "no more gaiety and dissipation for the one, or more indulgence of the insolence of power for the other;"—a remark of more severity than appropriateness, and at the best, but in very questionable taste. The engravings of Chiswick House are coarse, incorrect, and ineffective, and the descriptive details vulgar; as, "the principal rooms are embellished with books, splendidly bound, and so arranged as to appear not an incumbrance, but an ornament. The tops of the bookcases are covered with white marble, edged with gilt borders." We now approach a bevy of little conceits, as, "the labyrinthine involution of the walks;" the conservatory at the Horticultural Society's Gardens, "a frail but beautiful structure," though merely "one wing of a grand *vitreous* mansion."

Of the Kit-Cat Club-room, at Barn-Elms, we read: "this apartment, which existed in a miserably neglected state, being converted into an apple-store in 1805, was ornamented with portraits of the members, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, but has been pulled down, no trace remaining of it;" so that the portraits appear to have been placed there in consequence of the room being converted into an apple-store! Several associations of interest are omitted in the account of Barnes.

In the following paragraph is a very unmerited sneer at two worthy men, for doing that which men of greater pretension neglected:—

"It is a melancholy, and to the nation rather degrading

circumstance, that the immortal author of *Hudibras* should have been indebted for a memorial to the munificence of Barber, the printer; and that the place where repose the remains of the great John Milton, should have been unmarked with a stone, until removed from the herd of vulgar graves by the brewer Whitbread."

Sion House, a blank, unmeaning monastic pile, externally, is referred to as a beautiful object; but the vast conservatory, the finest object of the kind in the kingdom, (except that at Chatsworth,) is altogether overlooked; but there are some pertinent observations on the cant of—

"Peace avoiding palaces to take up her abodes in cottages, and the like. This cant of philosophy and poesy makes the consolation of the poor, but is contrary at once to probability and fact." \* \* \* "If there be need of any other proof that this popular fallacy of the misery that inhabits palaces be an affectation of philosophers and poets, who is there among them who would not jump at an exchange of the garret in the city for the palace at the (west) end of the town? or the cracked tea-pot with the crowslip in it, for the conservatory redolent with the transplanted fruits and flowers of either Ind? Men fall into the error of attributing an undue share of misery to the great, because of the vulgar trick of not applying the leading principles of human nature to great as to little men. Nature, abhorring the vacuity of idleness, fastens unhappiness upon him who is born into the world only to be idle; conscience, in like manner, makes miserable the man who perverts the purposes of his being: but the nearest approach to the imperfect happiness this world has to bestow, is made by him who, with station, leisure, and independence of the world, in a pecuniary point of view, finds or makes employment, by which he may connect his being with purposes of utility, and turn that to life, which otherwise would be but existence."

This is admirable reflection, and we must add, such as few minute topographers could write. With this note of commendation we conclude, with the inference from his excellence in the discursive portions, and his comparative failure in the descriptive portion of his work, that the author is a new and almost untried hand at topography. At all events, *the Environs of London*, as a guide and travelling companion, is a failure: it deals far too largely in generalities to be useful, and the writer appears to be glad to escape from the requisite minuteness of topography to the platitudes of historical biography, as in his memoir of Pitt, who is only identified with Putney by his death at Bowling-green House. On this account, the mere record of the event should have sufficed, and the space now inappropriately occupied, have been devoted to details of the place itself.\*

Strangely enough, we find little or nothing of the river scenery, save a page or so, at the conclusion: nothing of the angling and boating, civic enjoyment, or indeed any of the pleasures of the Thames itself. Even the *swan-upping* custom merits our author's attention, and is more germane to his work than the life of Pitt. In its progress *the Environs of London* may improve; and we feel assured that the grammatical defects which we have pointed out, will acquit us of the charge of carping criticism; for, we are too much attached to topography to desire else than its accurate and spirited execution, wherever it may be attempted.

#### THE MAGAZINE OF SCIENCE AND SCHOOL OF ARTS.

The third annual volume of this popular Miscellany has just been completed; and, considering the absence of any

\* For example, the College of Civil Engineers, at Putney, is not noticed. Persons who make excursions round London do not want political biography and history; for they have too much of the turmoil of politics in their own brick and mortar labyrinth.

important discoveries during the past year, we are surprised at the Editor's success in maintaining the interest throughout his 400 pages and upwards. Each of his numbers contains a large engraving and fourteen closely printed columns; which he has very judiciously filled with standard information, in the dearth of current novelties. We are especially gratified with the chemical and naturo-philosophical articles in this volume, which are sound, yet well adapted for the general reader; at all times, a great merit in a scientific work for the many; so that we can conscientiously recommend this Miscellany to all who are anxious to know what is passing in the great world of nature's beauty and man's ingenuity.

A DICTIONARY OF THE ARTS, SCIENCES, AND MANUFACTURES. BY G. FRANCIS, F.L.S.

THIS volume is an *Encyclopædia*, properly speaking; for, we believe the right appropriation of that term to be to a work on the arts and sciences and their applications. It not only explains the terms in architecture, civil engineering, practical mechanics, manufacturing processes, mathematics, the fine arts, and the experimental sciences; but it likewise gives the origin, properties, and applications, and describes the apparatus and machines employed in the physical sciences—the invention of past years as well as of yesterday. Hence, the work is brought up to its time, and has the merit of novelty as well as of recording sterling and established merit. The explanations are concise and satisfactory, and moreover, illustrated with a profusion of wood-cuts—some two or three in each of the 400 pages. The book contains the marrow of an encyclopædia; for, in many respects, history and biography, which occupy so large a portion of our "circles of the sciences," are the dry bones of such works. We have seen one or two technological works of about half the size, yet of higher price, than this Dictionary; and with a far less proportion of claim to public encouragement.

A COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE FINE ARTS.

AN useful little manual of instructions in drawing, oil and water-colour painting, perspective, flower and miniature painting, lithographic drawing, engraving on wood and copper, sketching from nature, &c.; made practical by the addition of a number of recipes. We consider it likely to prove very useful to students in the Fine Arts, of whom the taste as well as the number is daily increasing.

## Varieties.

*Strange Custom.*—At Cartago, there are always public rejoicings when persons die young, on account of their having fewer sins to answer for.

*Royal Society Soirées.*—At the first of the Marquis of Northampton's *soirées*, there were present upwards of 400 distinguished literary and scientific persons; among whom was the amiable Mr. Washington Irving, introduced by Mr. S. Rogers, the poet. The tables were covered with novelties in science and art; though it must be acknowledged that they were not of the brilliant character of the two previous seasons.

*A Greenland Family.*—Captain Graah, on inquiring how many children a Greenlander was blessed with, was answered "four." His wife, however, contradicted him, declaring there were "five;" nor could they agree about the matter till they counted them on their fingers, the only arithmetical powers of which they had any knowledge. Their names were, in English, Lamp-soot, Round-knife, Child's-jacket, Blubber, and Old.

*Man* is like a lobster in boiling water, restless and never satisfied.

*Hair.*—The poor Peruvian girls have often been known to refuse 2 oz. of gold, (between £6 and £7) for their luxuriant head of hair.

*Princely "Bespeak."*—When the Marchioness of Yavi, at Potosi, expressed a desire to see a favourite play, it was immediately commanded by the Marquis, who, taking the whole house at his own expense, distributed the tickets among the fashionable world, and had the theatre supplied with refreshments of every kind, as a private party.

*Water.*—Mr. Temple, when travelling in Peru, one day, stopped at a house and asked for a glass of water; when the woman called to a boy, saying, "take the pitcher, and gallop off for some water." "Pray," said the traveller, "how far has he to go?" "Oh! not more than a short league," was the reply.

*"The Dandy"* is the name of a stiffening fever in the West Indies, as well as of a starched coxcomb in another portion of Her Majesty's dominions. Possibly, the *sobriquet* of Dandy was first given to some upstart middy, by sailors on the passage, whose comparisons are generally correct.

*Native Windows.*—On the Loochoo coast are found large flat shells, which are so transparent that they are used in Japan for windows instead of glass.—In "icy Greenland," the windows of a house are placed on the sunniest side, and they are filled with the skin of the intestine of the seal, or the veluga, which, though too opaque to permit of one's seeing through it, admits sufficient light for ordinary purposes.

*Billiards.*—Kauikeaouli, king of the Sandwich Islands, is very fond of billiards; but, should he be playing when the clock strikes eleven, though in the middle of the game, he throws down his cue at once, and the lights are extinguished in obedience to a curfew law, made by himself, to restrain dissipation. This is even more rigid than the fall of the curtain of Her Majesty's theatre on Saturday midnight.

*Brandy* is called by the Greenlanders "*maddening drink*," and they cannot be persuaded to taste it. They deserve a Temperance Medal for their forbearance and ingenuity; presenting, as it does, a strong contrast with the opinion of the savage—that brandy made him talk like an angel!

*Islands.*—The naming of Islands is almost a matter of jokes. In the charts of the Pacific is set down a very small spot as the Island of Disappointment: this is thought to be the same as the island of Rosario, upon which, a whaler not being able to find a second time, bestowed the name of Invisible Island.

*Hot-air.*—At Petropaulski, in Kamtschátka, we are surprised to find substantial log-houses, warmed with large ovens in the centre, furnished with pipes for the conveyance of hot-air.

*Rent in Greenland.*—A peppercorn denotes the lowest rent paid in this country; but, in Greenland, it is otherwise. When Captain Graah wanted to build a hut on the eastern coast, one of the natives had the face to demand a regular ground-rent, for permission to build on his ground, as he called it, and the captain compromised the matter by agreeing to pay him in the form of a *pinch of snuff*! "*Pay*" is a magic word in Greenland, as elsewhere; and when the captain asked the natives the name of the sun or moon in their own language, or requested leave to look at the tattooing on their arms, the reply was always, "Won't you pay me?" The love of money is thus, by no means, a vice of civilization, but of human nature in every condition; or, as Shenstone illustrates it—a child can close its hand as soon as it is born. Lord Byron oddly calls avarice an old gentleman's vice.

*Servant's Warning.*—When a servant in Greenland wishes to leave her situation, she merely says to her master or mistress, "*Kasuonga*," i.e. "I am tired," and immediately she walks off.

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